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SONGS OF TWO



SONGS OF TWO

BY

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

MDCCC

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SONGS OF TWO

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## SONGS OF TWO

### I

LAST night I dreamed this dream: That I was dead;  
And as I slept, forgot of man and God,  
That other dreamless sleep of rest,  
I heard a footstep on the sod,  
As of one passing overhead,—  
And lo, thou, Dear, didst touch me on the breast,  
Saying: "What shall I write against thy name  
That men should see?"  
Then quick the answer came,  
"I was beloved of thee."

## SONGS OF TWO

### II

DEAR Giver of Thyself! when at thy side  
I see the path beyond divide,  
Where we must walk alone a little space,  
I say: "Now am I strong indeed  
To wait with only Memory awhile,  
Content, until I see thy face,—"  
Yet turn, as one in sorest need,  
To ask once more thy giving grace.  
    So, at the last  
Of all our partings, when the night  
Has hidden from my failing sight  
    The comfort of thy smile,  
My hand shall seek thine own to hold it fast;  
Nor wilt thou think for this the heart ingrate,  
    Less glad for all its past,  
    Less strong to bear the utmost of its fate.



## SONGS OF TWO

### III

As once through forest shade I went,  
I heard a flower call, and bent—  
Then strove to go. Should Love not spare?  
“Nay, Dearest, this is Love’s sweet share  
Of selfishness. For which is best,  
To die alone or on thy breast?  
If thou hast heard my call,  
Take fearlessly, thou art my guest,—  
    To give is all.”  
Hush! O Love, thou casuist!

## SONGS OF TWO

### IV

Ask me not why,—I only *know*.  
It were thy loss if I could show  
Thee cause as for a lesser thing.  
Remember how we searched the spring,  
But found no source,—so clear the sky  
Within its earth-bound depths did lie.  
Give to thy joy its wings,  
And to thy heart its song, nor try  
With questionings  
The throbbing throat that sings.

## SONGS OF TWO

### V

For in thy clear and steadfast eyes  
Thine own self-wonder deepest lies,  
Nor any words that lips can teach  
Are sweeter than their wonder-speech.  
And when thou givest them to me,  
Through dawns of tenderness I see,—  
    As in the water-sky,—  
The sun of certainty appear.  
    So, *ask* me why,  
For then thou knowest, Dear.

## SONGS OF TWO

### VI

To give is more than to receive, men say.  
But thou hast made them one! What if, some  
day,  
Men bade me render back the gifts I cannot pay,—  
Since all were undeserved! should I obey?  
Lo, all these years of giving, when we try  
To own our thanks, we hear the giver cry:  
“Nay, it was thou who gavest, Dear, not I.”  
If Wisdom smile, let Wisdom go!  
All things above  
This is the truest: that we know because we love,  
Not love because we know.

## SONGS OF TWO

### VII

LET it not grieve thee, Dear, that Love is sad,  
Who, changeless, loveth so the things that  
change,—

The morning in thine eyes, the dusk within thy hair.

Were it not strange

If he were glad

Who cannot keep thy heart from care,

Or shelter from the whip of pain

The bosom where his head hath lain?

Poor sentinel, that may not guard

The door that love itself unbarred!

Who in the sweetness

Of his service knows its incompleteness,

And while he sings

Of life eternal, feels the coldness of Death's wings.

## SONGS OF TWO

### VIII

STROOP with me, Dearest, to the grass  
One little moment ere we pass  
From out these parched and thirsty lands.  
See! all these tiny blades are hands  
Stretched supplicating to the sky.  
And listen, Dearest, patiently,—  
Dost thou not hear them move?  
The myriad roots that search, and cry  
    As hearts do, Love,  
“Feed us, or let us die!”

## SONGS OF TWO

### IX

BELOVED, when far up the mountain side  
    We found, almost at eventide,  
    Our spring, how we did fear  
Lest it should dare the trackless wood  
    And disappear!  
And lost all heart when on the crest we stood  
    And saw it spent in mist below!  
    Yet ever surer was its flow,  
    And, ever gathering to its own  
    New springs of which we had not known,  
    To fairer meadows  
Swept exultant from the woodland shadows;  
And when at last upon the baffling plain  
We thought it scattered like a ravelled skein,—  
    Lo, tranquil, free,  
Its longed-for home, the wide unfathomable sea!

## SONGS OF TWO

### X

THY names are like sweet flowers that grow  
Within a garden where I go,  
Sometimes at dawn, to see each one  
Lift its head proudly in the sun;  
Sometimes at night,  
When only by the fragrant air  
I know them there.  
And none are grieved or think I slight  
Their worth, if closest to my breast  
This one I take which holds within its own  
Each single fragrance of the rest,—  
My friend, my friend!  
And as I loved it first alone,  
So shall I love it to the end,  
For none were half so dear were it not best.



## SONGS OF TWO

### XI

My every purpose fashioned by some thought of  
thee,  
Though as a feather's weight that shapes the arrow's  
flight it be;  
No single joy complete in which thou hast no  
fee,  
Though thy share be the star and mine its shadow in  
the sea;  
Thy very pulse my pulse, thy every prayer my  
prayer,  
Thy love my blue o'erreaching sky that bounds me  
everywhere,—  
Yet free, Beloved, free! for this encircling air  
I cannot leave behind, doth but love's boundlessness  
declare.

## SONGS OF TWO

### XII

LAST night the angel of remembrance brought  
Me while I slept—think, Dear! of all his store  
Just that one memory I thought  
Banished forever from our door!—  
Thy sob of pain when once I hurt thee sore.  
Then in my dream I suddenly was ware  
Of God above me saying: “Reach  
    Thy hand to Me in prayer,  
And I will give thee pardon yet.”  
    Thou? Nay, she hath forgiven, teach  
    Her to forget.

## SONGS OF TWO

### XIII

LOVE me not, Dearest, for the smile,  
The tender greeting, or the wile  
By which, unconscious of its road,  
My soul seeks thine in its abode;  
Nor say "I love thee for thine eyes,—"  
For when Death shuts them, where thy skies?  
    But love me for my love,  
Then am I safe from all surprise,  
    And thou above  
The loss of all that dies.

SONGS OF TWO

XIV

DEAR hands, forgiving hands,  
There is no speech so sure as thine.  
Lips falter with so much  
To tell, eyes fill with thoughts I scarce divine,—  
But thy least touch  
Soul understands.

Dear giving, taking hands,  
There are no gifts so free as thine.  
One last gem from the heart of the mine,  
One last cup from the veins of the vine,  
From the rose to the wind one last sweet breath,  
Then poverty, and death!  
But thy dear palms  
Are richest empty, asking alms.

## SONGS OF TWO

### XV

A LITTLE moment at the end  
Of day, left over in the candle-light  
On the shore of dreams, on the edge of sleep,  
    Too small to throw away,  
        Too poor to keep!  
But it holds two words for thee, dear Friend,—  
    Good-night, Good-night!  
And so this little remnant of the day,  
    Left over in the candle-light  
On the shore of dreams, on the edge of sleep,  
    Becomes too great to throw away,  
        Too dear to keep!

SONGS OF TWO

XVI

BELOVED, when I read some fine conceit,  
Wherein are wrought as in a glass  
The features love hath made so sweet,  
I marvel at so bold an art;  
Seeing thou art too dear to praise  
Upon the highway where men pass.  
    For when I seek  
    To tell the ways  
    God's hand of tenderness  
    Hath touched thine earthly part,  
    Again I hear  
Thy first own cry of happiness,  
And, sweetest of God's sounds, the dear  
Remonstrance of thy giving heart,—  
    And cannot speak!

## SONGS OF TWO

### XVII

Across the plain of Time  
I saw them marching all night long,—  
    The endless throng  
Of all who ever dared to fight with wrong.  
All the blood of their hearts, the prime  
And crown of their fleeting years,  
All the toil of their hands, the tears  
Of their eyes, the thought of their brain,  
For a word from the lips of Truth,  
For a glimpse of the scroll of Fate,  
    Ere love and youth  
    Were spent in vain,  
    And even truth too late!  
Oh, when the Silence speaks, and the scroll  
Unrolls to the eye of the soul,  
What will it be that shall pay the cost  
Of the pain gone waste and the labor lost!  
    And then, Dear, waking, I saw you—  
    And knew.

## SONGS OF TWO

### XVIII

WE thought when Love at last should come,  
The rose would lose its thorn,  
And every lip but Joy's be dumb  
When Love, sweet Love, was born;  
That never tears should start to rise,  
No night o'ertake our morn,  
Nor any guest of grief surprise,  
When Love, sweet Love, was born.

And when he came, O Heart of mine!  
And stood within our door,  
No joy our dreaming could divine  
Was missing from his store.  
The thorns shall wound our hearts again,  
But not the fear of yore,  
For all the guests of grief and pain  
Shall serve him evermore.



## SONGS OF TWO

### XIX

#### 1

Dost thou remember, Dear, the day  
We met in those bare woods of May?  
Each bud a secret unconfessed,  
Each sound a promise, in each nest  
Young wings a-tremble for the air,—  
How we joined hands?—not knowing where  
    The springs that touch set free  
    Should find their sea.  
Speechless—so sure we were to share  
    The unknown good to be.

## SONGS OF TWO

### XX

2

The woods are bare again. There are  
No secrets now, the bud's a scar;  
No promises,—this is the end!  
Ah, Dearest, I have seen thee bend  
Above thy flowers as one who knew  
The dying wood should bloom anew.  
Come, let us sleep. Perchance  
God's countenance,  
Like thine above thy flowers, smiles through  
The night upon us two.

VERSES



## VERSES

### MY FRIEND

I HAVE a friend who came,—I know not how,  
Nor he. Among the crowd, apart,  
I feel the pressure of his hand, and hear  
In very truth the beating of his heart.

My soul had shut the door of her abode,  
So poor it seemed for any guest  
To tarry there a night,—until he came,  
Asking, not entertainment, only rest.

Our hands were empty,—his and mine alike,  
He says,—until they joined. I see  
The gifts he brought; but where were mine  
That he should say “I too have need of thee?”

Without the threshold of his heart I wait  
Abashed, afraid to enter where  
So radiant a company do meet,—  
Yet enter boldly, knowing I am there.

## VERSES

Whether his hand shall press my latch to-night,  
To-morrow, matters not. He came  
Unsummoned, he will come again; and I,  
Though dead, shall answer to my name.

And yet, dear friend, in whom I rest content,  
Speak to me *now*—lest when we meet  
Where tears and hunger have no grace,  
A little word of friendship be less sweet.

## VERSES

### ON NE BADINE PAS AVEC LA MORT

1

THE dew was full of sun that morn  
*(Oh I heard the doves in the hayricks coo!)*  
As he crossed the meadows beyond the corn,  
Watching his falcon in the blue.  
How could he hear my song so far,—  
The song of the blood where the pulses are!  
Straight through the fields he came to me,  
*(Oh I saw his soul as I saw the dew!)*  
But I hid my joy that he might not see,  
I hid it deep within my breast,  
As the starling hides in the maize her nest.

## VERSES

2

Back through the corn he turned again,  
*(Oh little he cared where his falcon flew!)*  
And my heart lay still in the hand of pain,  
As in winter's hand the rivers do.  
How could he hear its secret cry,—  
The cry of the dove when the summers die!  
Thrice in the maize he turned to me,  
*(Oh I saw his soul as I saw the dew!)*  
But I hid my pain that he might not see,—  
I hid it deep as the grave is made,  
Where the heart that can ache no more is laid.



## VERSES

### 3

Last night, where grows the river grass,  
*(Oh the stream was dark though the moon was new!)*  
I saw white Death with my lover pass,  
Side by side as the troopers do.  
“Give me,” said Death, “thy purse well-filled,  
And thy mantle-clasp which the moonbeams gild;  
Save the heart which beats for thy dear sake,”  
*(Oh I saw my heart as I saw the dew!)*  
“All life hath given is Death’s to take.”  
Dear God! how can I love thy day  
If thou takest the heart that loves away!

## VERSES

### ITER SUPREMUM

OH, what a night for a soul to go!  
The wind a hawk, and the fields in snow;  
No screening cover of leaves in the wood,  
Nor a star abroad the way to show.

Do they part in peace, soul with its clay?  
Tenant and landlord, what do they say?  
Was it sigh of sorrow or of release  
I heard just now as the face turned gray?

What if, aghast on the shoreless main  
Of Eternity, it sought again  
The shelter and rest of the Isle of Time,  
And knocked at the door of its house of pain!

On the tavern hearth the embers glow,  
The laugh is deep and the flagons low;  
But without, the wind and the trackless sky,  
And night at the gates where a soul would go!

## VERSES

### ON THE FLY-LEAF OF THE RUBAIYAT

DEEM not this book a creed, 't is but the cry  
Of one who fears not death, yet would not die;  
Who at the table feigns with sorry jest  
To love the wine the Master's hand has pressed,  
The while he loves the absent Master best,—  
The bitter cry of Love for love's reply!

## VERSES

### IN AN ALBUM

LIKE the south-flying swallow the summer has flown,  
Like a fast-falling star, from unknown to unknown  
Life flashes and falters and fails from our sight,—  
    Good-night, friends, good-night.

Like home-coming swallows that seek the old eaves,  
Like the buds that wait patient beneath the dead  
    leaves,  
Love shall sleep in our hearts till our hands meet  
    again,—  
    Till then, friends, till then!

## VERSES

### WITH APRIL ARBUTUS, TO A FRIEND

FAIRER than we the woods of May,  
Yet sweeter blossoms do not grow  
Than these we send you from our snow.  
Cramped are their stems by winter's cold,  
And stained their leaves with last year's mould;  
For these are flowers which fought their way  
Through ice and cold to sun and air,  
With all a soul might do and dare,—  
Hope, that outlives a world's decay,  
Enduring faith that will not die,  
And love that gives, not knowing why.  
Therefore we send them unto you;  
And if they are not all your due,  
Once they have looked into your face  
Your graciousness will give them place.  
You know they were not born to bloom  
Like roses in a crowded room;  
For though courageous they are shy,  
Loving but one sweet hand and eye.  
Ah, should you take them to the rest,  
The warmth, the shelter of your breast,  
    Since on the bleak  
And frozen bosom of our snows  
They dared to smile, on yours who knows  
But that they might not dare to speak!

## VERSES

### IMMORTALITY

MY window is the open sky,  
The flower in farthest wood is mine;  
I am the heir to all gone by,  
The eldest son of all the line.

And when the robbers Time and Death  
Athwart my path conspiring stand,  
I cheat them with a clod, a breath,  
And pass the sword from hand to hand!

## VERSES

J. E. B.

Nor all the pageant of the setting sun  
Should yield the tired eyes of man delight,  
No sweet beguiling power had stars at night  
To soothe his fainting heart when day is done,  
Nor any secret voice of benison  
Might nature own, were not each sound and sight  
The sign and symbol of the infinite,  
The prophecy of things not yet begun.  
So had these lips, so early sealed with sleep,  
No fruitful word, this life no power to move  
Our deeper reverence, did we not see  
How more than all he said, he was,—how, deep  
Below this broken life, he ever wove  
The finer substance of a life to be.

## VERSES

BY A GRAVE

OFT have I stood within the carven door  
Of some cathedral at the close of the day,  
And seen its softened splendors fade away  
From lucent pane and tessellated floor,  
As if a parting guest who comes no more,—  
Till over all silence and blackness lay.  
Then rose sweet murmurings of them that  
    pray,  
And shone the altar lamps unseen before,  
So, Dear, as here I stand with thee alone,  
The voices of the world sound faint and far,  
The glare and glory of the noon grow dim,  
And in the stillness, what I had not known,  
I know,—a light, pure shining as a star,  
A song, uprising like a holy hymn.



## VERSES

### DUALITY

WITHIN me are two souls that pity each  
The other for the ends they seek, yet smile  
Forgiveness, as two friends that love the while  
The folly against which each feigns to preach.

And while one barter in the market-place,  
Or drains the cup before the tavern fire,  
The other, winged with a divine desire,  
Searches the solitary wastes of space.

And if o'ercome with pleasure this one sleeps,  
The other steals away to lay its ear  
Upon some lip just cold, perchance to hear  
Those wondrous secrets which it knows—and keeps!

## VERSES

### LULLABY

O MARY, Mother, if the day we trod  
In converse sweet the lily-fields of God,  
From earth afar arose a cry of pain,  
    Would we not weep again?  
(*Sings*) Hush, hush, O baby mine,  
    Mothers twain are surely thine,  
    One of earth and One divine.

O Mary, Mother, if the day the air  
Was sweet with songs celestial, came a prayer  
From earth afar and mingled with the strain,  
    Would we not pray again?  
(*Sings*) Sleep, sleep, my baby dear,  
    Mothers twain are surely near,  
    One to pray and One to hear.

O Mary, Mother, if, as yesternight  
A bird sought shelter at my casement light,  
A wounded soul should flutter to thy breast,  
    Wouldst thou refuse it rest?  
(*Sings*) Sleep, darling, peacefully,  
    Mary, Mother, comforts me;  
    Christ, her son, hath died for thee.





*D. B. Updike*  
*The Merrymount Press*  
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## ISAAC ANDERSON

THINGS REMEMBERED. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. With Illustrations. 311 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5

RANDOM reminiscences from many parts of the world, told without any attempt at orderly sequence, make up the book which Arthur Sherburne Hardy has called "Things Remembered." He may be telling an incident that took place at Teheran, when he will suddenly be reminded of something that happened while he was Minister to Greece or Spain or Switzerland, or while he was a plebe at West Point or a professor at Dartmouth. He will get back to the original story after a while, but he is in no hurry about it. Reading his book is like listening to a widely traveled man who is a gifted conversationalist. One never feels like interrupting or trying to direct his conversation into certain channels. It is much better to let him wander along as he will. And when he is all through, one feels like begging him to continue for an hour or two longer. There must be a thousand things that he has forgotten to tell.

There is very little in Mr. Hardy's book of the "inside stuff" about world politics usually found in the reminiscences of diplomats. This may be because few events of international importance took place at the Courts to which he was accredited, or it may be because the author prefers not to tell all that he knows. Whatever the reason, he confines himself, for the most part, to things that are less important but infinitely more amusing. There is, for example, the story of the man who pestered the American Legation to secure for himself and his wife an invitation to a court ball and then, after it had been secured, sent a polite note regretting his inability to attend because he had learned that his wife would be obliged to wear a décolleté gown, which was against his principles. And there is the story of the lady tourist whom he encountered wandering about at the base of the Acropolis in Athens, wondering if there was "anything in particular up there on that hill."

Regarding the official dress adopted by our Government for its representatives abroad, Mr. Hardy has this to say:

It is unfortunately the livery prescribed for waiters, as also the usual evening dress of society. It possesses, however, the dignity of authority; like the flag, it is authorized. So accoutred, even in broad daylight, one was always en règle, and often more comfortable than one's colleagues. One also achieved a conspicuousness no profusion of gold lace could confer.

Conformity to instructions always seemed to me preferable to the adoption either of something devised by one's tailor or, if one happened to have been on the staff of some State Governor, of a military uniform; for the former provokes embarrassing inquiries, and the latter excites the smile of the professional soldier. Yet such departures from the regulations were not uncommon and were excused doubtless by the parable related in the Gospel of St. Matthew:

"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?"

Now as to dress in general, there is no unpleasantness so unpleasant as that due to a conspicuously inappropriate garment, but in this case the diplomatic culprit has a ready answer. "O King, I am arrayed as prescribed by one whom you address as Great and Good Friend."

Far more embarrassing was the practice of the Department of State of paying no attention to royal birthdays or to deaths in royal families. Other Governments sent telegrams of felicitation or of condolence, as the occasion might require, and these were delivered by their diplomatic representatives. In order not to appear utterly indifferent, Mr. Hardy frequently fabricated such messages and delivered them. But he did not always succeed. The Persian Minister of Foreign affairs once asked him: "Why is it that your Legation transmits a paraphrase of the telegram of congratulation, whereas other Ministers send us the original message?"

Mr. Hardy pays a glowing tribute to West Point as an educational institution—not merely as a military school. He believes that the rigid

discipline there, combined with the fact that its attendance is made up of young men who have a definite purpose in going there, gives it a distinct advantage over other colleges. As Mr. Hardy was a professor at Dartmouth after he resigned from the army, it cannot be denied that he had opportunities for comparing the work of other students with that of the West Pointers.

The account of Mr. Hardy's experiences at West Point closes with the following anecdote:

It was early during that "plebe year" at West Point that I received my first lesson in anatomy from Surgeon Head at the hospital. Reporting one morning at sick call, the following conversation ensued:

"Well, sir?"

(With my hand on the seat of pain.) "Stomach-ache, sir."

"Good God, sir! Don't you know the difference between your stomach and your belly? What kind of bread do you eat?"

(A little confused.) "White bread, sir."

"Eat brown bread, sir. Next!"

While on the subject of food, one may be excused for adopting Mr. Hardy's own method and relating another incident which took place many years later in Switzerland. In a railway restaurant at Berne Mr. and Mrs. Hardy were served with some honey which seemed to them equal to the famous honey of Hymettus, which they had tasted in Greece. Summoning the proprietor, Mrs. Hardy asked if it would be possible to purchase some. "Certainly, Madame," said the polite proprietor, "but we also have the real honey."

In Switzerland Mr. Hardy found himself on familiar ground, for as a boy he had attended school at Neufchatel, and he had vivid memories of the Pension Roulet, where he and his elder brother had been the only English-speaking pensionnaires. One memory, not so pleasant as some others, was of not being permitted to have butter at breakfast on the theory that "butter clogs the brain."

In 1913 Mr. Hardy passed a night at Neufchatel, and in the course of the evening strolled into the public reading room of the hotel. What happened is best told in his own words:

A man in the uniform of a Prussian general officer stood at the window. As I entered, he turned and glared at me with an expression plainly indicating I was intruding. No pen can render the insolence and scorn on his face. It required all the self-control at my command to avoid sinking to the level of his impertinence.

The following morning our two motors stood at the opposite curb ready to start. As I signaled for ours, the General, who joined us at this moment on the steps, raised his hand in warning and signaled for his own car—a smart limousine with two orderlies in uniform on the front seat—and we waited perforce while his luggage was installed. Our chauffeur was a young Frenchman who had been for many years in our service. I could see that he was boiling with rage, but he said nothing. The orderly dismounted, opened the door, saluted, closed the door, saluted again, and the car moved on. It so happened that we were both going in the same direction, to Berne. As we left the town and struck into the open country, I realized we were exceeding our usual speed, and before long the black body of the limousine appeared ahead of us. I said nothing, but I understood. Gradually we drew up and the sharp note of our horn demanded passage. For some minutes it was unheeded. Then our car, gaining speed, thrust its nose on a level with the rear wheels, the horn barked insistently and the car ahead was forced to yield passage. It was impossible not to exchange a glance with its occupant. His face was one of concentrated rage. I raised my hat, and we saw him no more.

When he was transferred from Switzerland to Spain, Mr. Hardy again revisited old scenes. As a boy he had made a trip to Spain in one of his father's ships, and had spent many happy hours wandering about the Alhambra. On these rambles his sole companion had been an old Spaniard who acted as guide but who possessed the virtue, unusual in guides, of not talking too much. In later years Mr. Hardy revisited the Alhambra and found that its unique charm had not vanished with the years.

Among Mr. Hardy's recollections of his father, Alpheus Hardy, is one of a conversation with Oliver Wendell Holmes. The two men were looking at a statuary group representing the wise and foolish virgins—

the former a seated figure, soberly robed, shielding with one hand the flame of her lamp and looking up into the face of her improvident sister, a standing figure of exquisite grace, with filleted brow and richly chased girdle, the lovely outstretched arm appealing for the oil lacking in her neglected lamp.

Suddenly Holmes exclaimed:

"She ought to have given her home!"

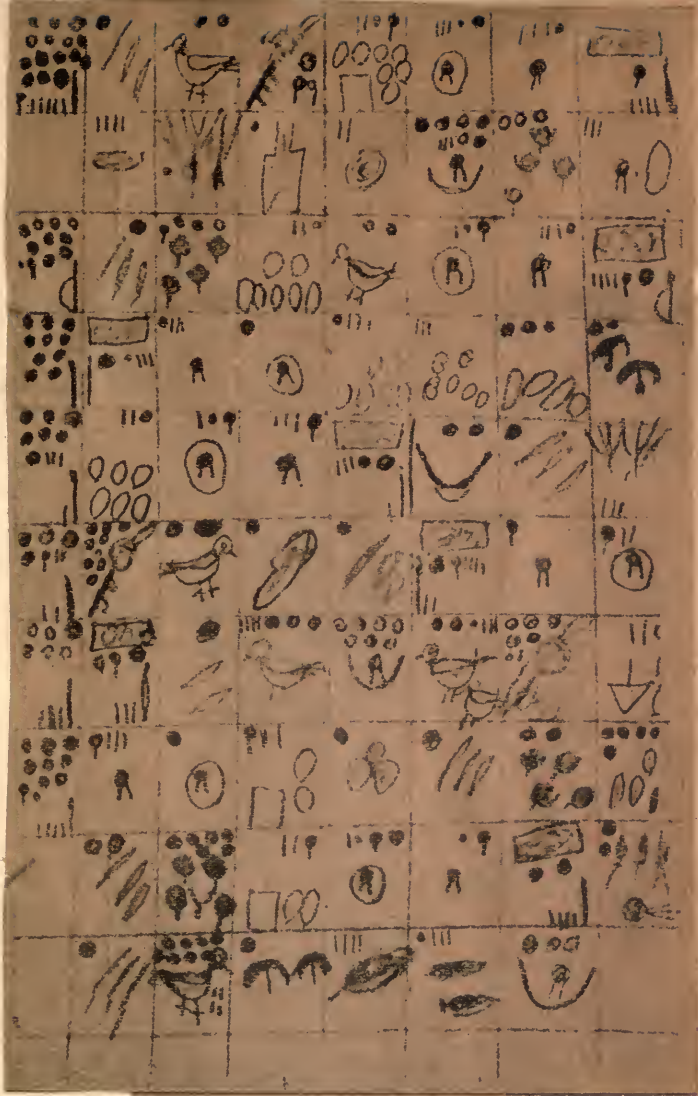
"Hold on a moment," said my father, "let us see about that. Two men have notes to pay on January 1st. One pursues his ordinary way of living, enjoys his cigar, his club, his theatre and horses; the other by retrenchment and sacrifice manages to accumulate the amount of his debt and is ready to meet his obligation. On December 31st his neighbor comes to borrow. Now, remember, *there is not enough for both.*"

Holmes thought for a moment, then said:

"I admire your logic, but she ought to have given her some."

Alpheus Hardy was a shipowner of the old school whose sailing ships brought to the wharves of Boston merchandise from the ends of the earth. The son remembers spending hours in the cupola of the house watching for his father's ships to appear over the horizon. It was during those hours that the desire to visit distant lands was born in him, a desire which it was his good fortune to be able to gratify in after years. He traveled widely and made friends with many interesting people at home and abroad. It is the memory of these people and places and his keen and kindly comment on men and events that make "Things Remembered" a book of things distinctly worth remembering.





A Page of the Persian Chef's Accounts.









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